WIN A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT
SEE PAGE 23

NUTTY

16p
IR 27p
(Inc VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 226 June 9th, 1984

THE COMIC WITH BANANAMAN YOUR TV STAR

When ordinary schoolboy, little Eric, eats a banana, he instantly becomes the EXTRA-ordinary BANANAMAN

IT'S WASH DAY AT ERIC'S HOUSE—

TUM-TI-TUM! Must wash my 'Nanaman costume.

I like to wash it once a year whether it needs it or not.

SUDDENLY— CACKLETY-CACKLE!

TWANG!

THE EVIL AUNTIE

Bananaman won't be able to operate without his costume.

If my plan works the Blue Goon will be out of action for some time.

HALLO! That could be the phone.

RING! RING!

No kidding?

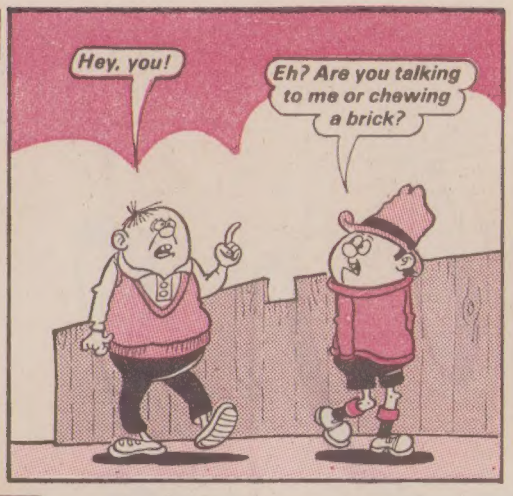
READER'S VOICE

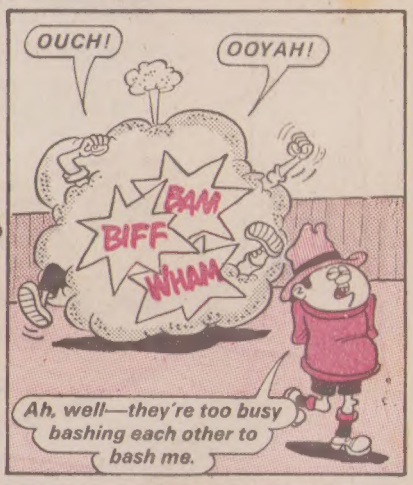
Little Eric, alias Bananaman, here. What can I do you for?

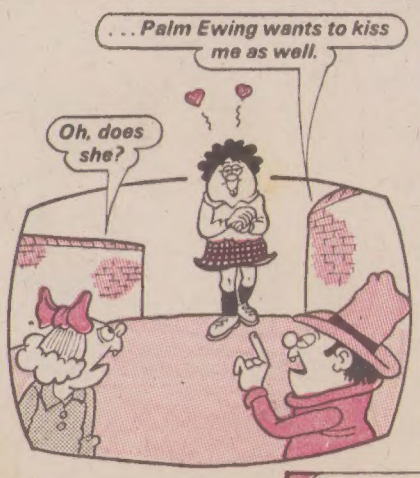
CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

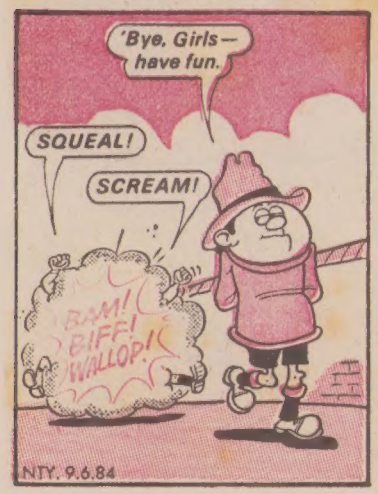
JAY R. HOOD

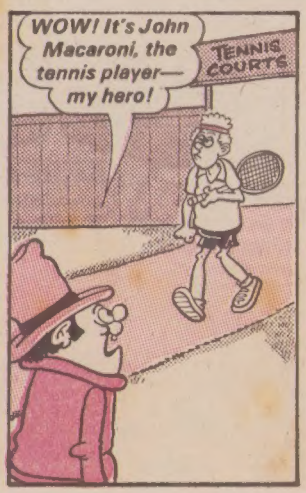
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

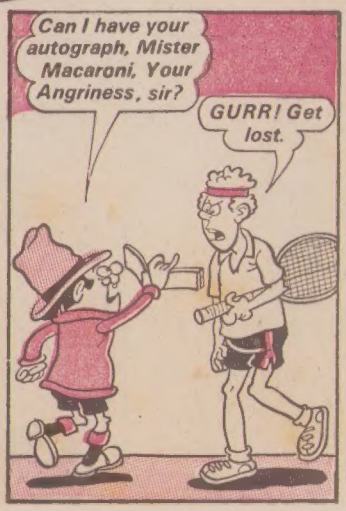






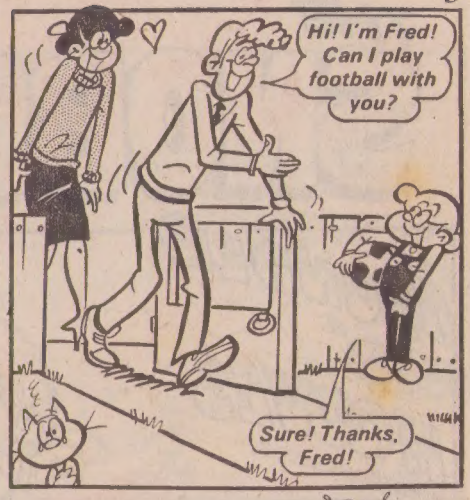


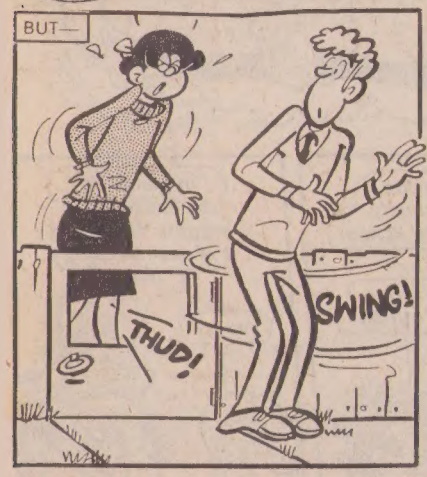




PETER Pest

Here comes my sister, Doris, with her new boyfriend.
That's my young brother, Peter!

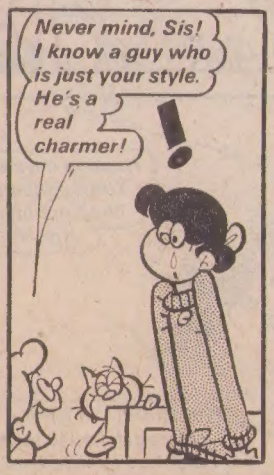

Hi! I'm Fred! Can I play football with you?
Sure! Thanks, Fred!


BUT—
THUD!
SWING!

GRR! Beat it, you horror! If you'd been a gentleman, you'd have held the gate open for me!
RAGE!
S-sorry, Doris!
ZOOM!

What's wrong, Sis?
SOB!
None of my boyfriends has any charm at all!

They're just a set of oafs! BOO-HOO!


Never mind, Sis! I know a guy who is just your style. He's a real charmer!

AND SO—
ROCKO the STRONG MAN
CIRCUS
He's in here, Sis!

Just wait beside those baskets, Doris! I'll go fetch my charming pal!

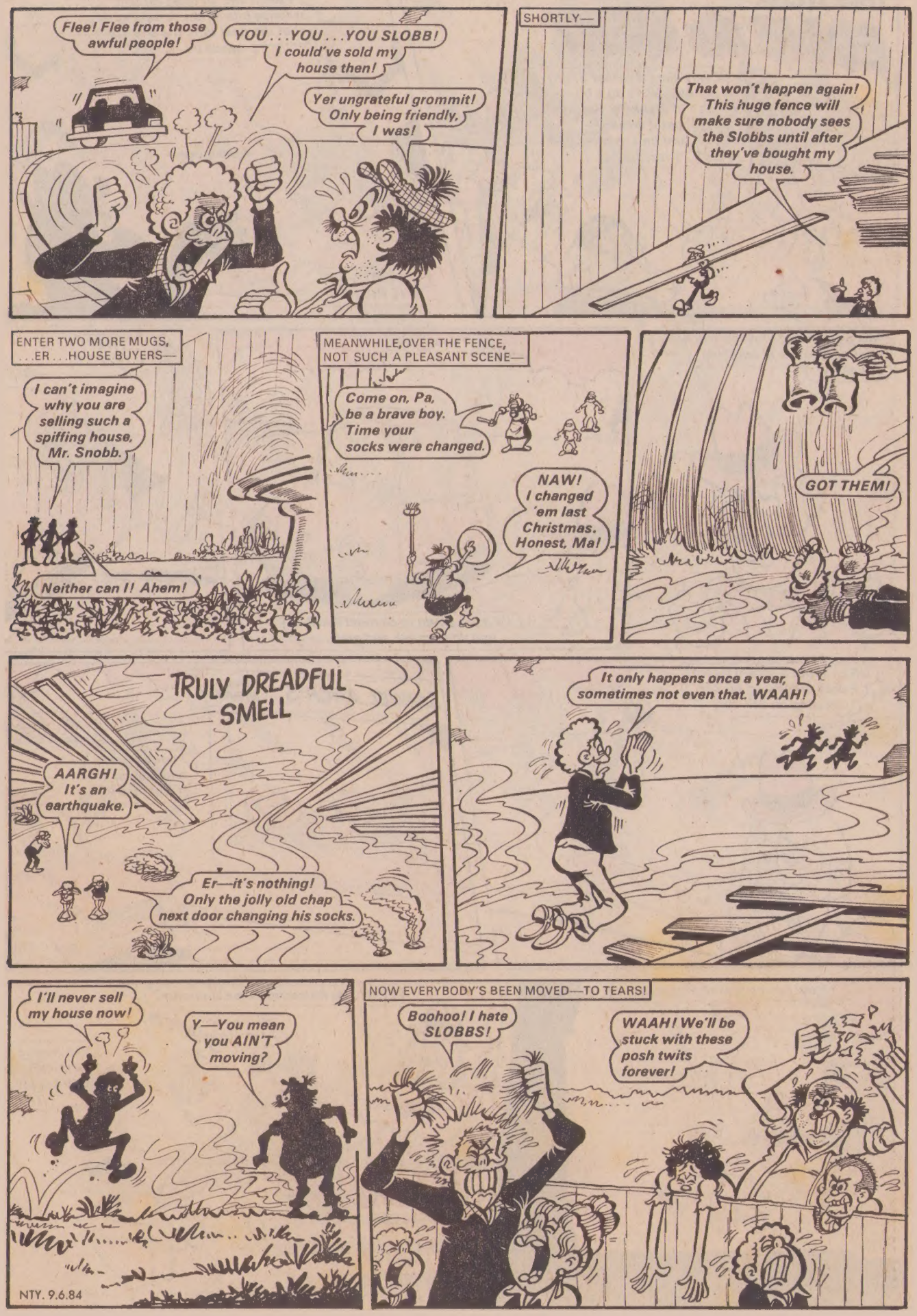
SUDDENLY—
What's that music?

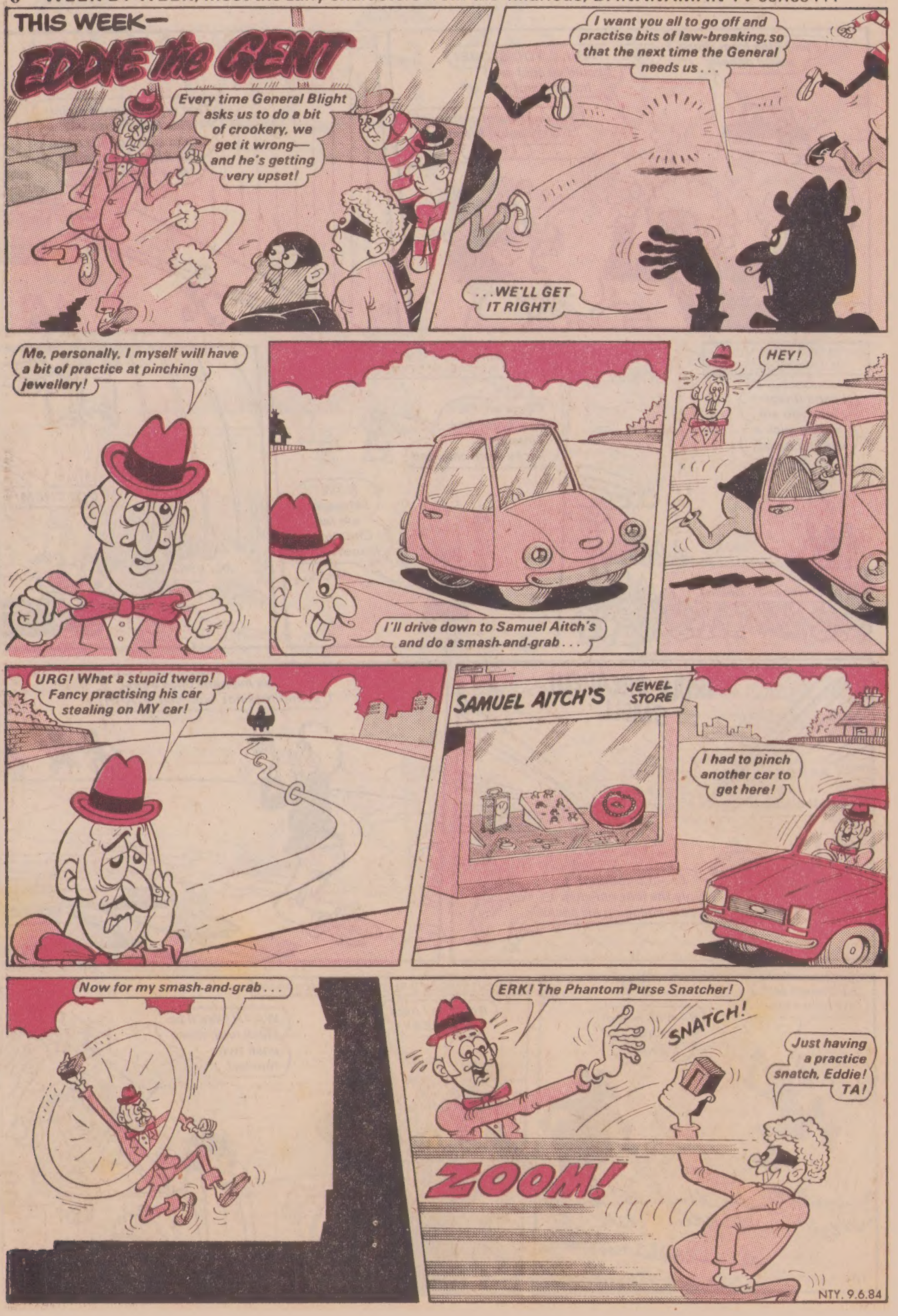
EEK! SNAKES! HELP!
NTY. 9.6.84

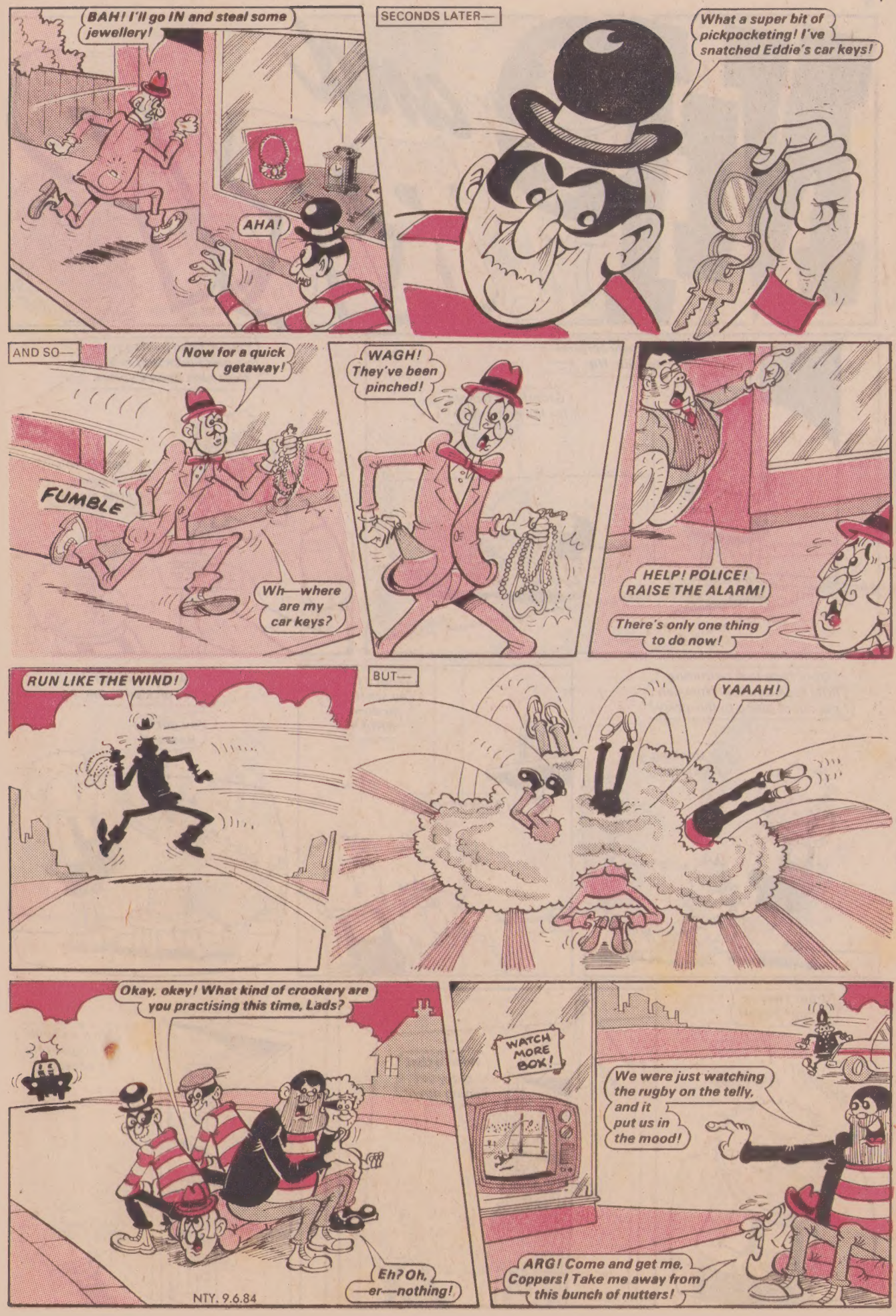
HO-HO! Meet my friend, Ali. He's an Indian snake-CHARMER!
HELP!

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

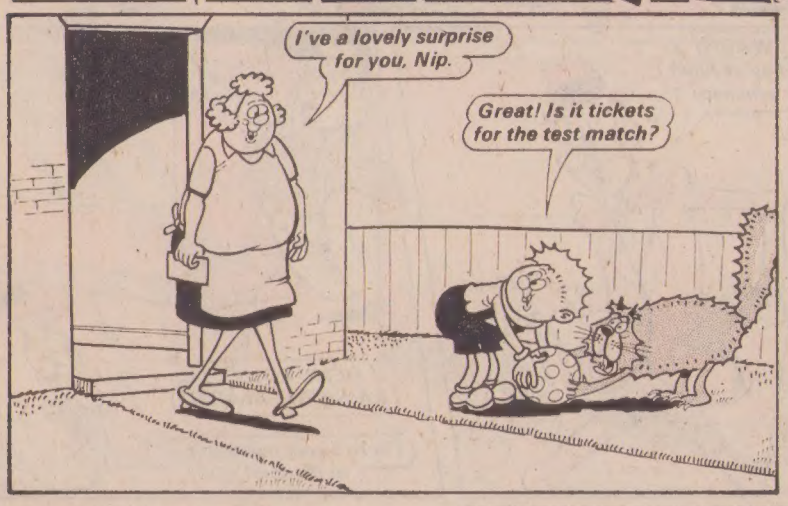
THUNDER O' HOOVES
GANGWAY, SNOBBY SNITCH!
Tch! Of all the nerve!
I told yer to "gangway", Twit-bonce!
WHINE!
WHAT are you doing with that pig?
Well, I was taking it for . . .
I was addressing the swine actually. Whah! Whah! Whah!
Very funny, I don't think!
I'm gonna tidy the house into a piggery. Make lots of cash keeping pigs.
What?
That's the last straw! I'm moving house! Leaving! Goodbye! Cheerio!
HOUSE FOR SALE £50,000
GASP!
Happee days are here again! The Snobbies are leaving! The Snobbies are leaving! Hip-Hip-RASP!
Rotters! I'm gonna get a posh house with POSH NEIGHBOURS!
SOON—
£50,000? Your abode looks a good buy, Mr. Snobb.
Yais, Madam! A good buy for you and it's good-bye from me!
NTY. 9.6.84
Moving in are yer, Duchess? 'Ave a neighbourly bite o' me doughnut!
Whimper!
Squeak! Does this OBJECT live next door?


Flee! Flee from those awful people!
YOU...YOU...YOU SLOBB! I could've sold my house then!
Yer ungrateful grommit! Only being friendly, I was!
SHORTLY—
That won't happen again! This huge fence will make sure nobody sees the Slobbs until after they've bought my house.
ENTER TWO MORE MUGS, ...ER...HOUSE BUYERS—
I can't imagine why you are selling such a spiffing house, Mr. Snobb.
Neither can I! Ahem!
MEANWHILE, OVER THE FENCE, NOT SUCH A PLEASANT SCENE—
Come on, Pa, be a brave boy. Time your socks were changed.
NAW! I changed 'em last Christmas. Honest, Ma!
GOT THEM!
TRULY DREADFUL SMELL
AARGH! It's an earthquake.
Er—it's nothing! Only the jolly old chap next door changing his socks.
It only happens once a year, sometimes not even that. WAAH!
I'll never sell my house now!
Y—You mean you AIN'T moving?
NOW EVERYBODY'S BEEN MOVED—TO TEARS!
Boohoo! I hate SLOBBS!
WAAH! We'll be stuck with these posh twits forever!
NTY. 9.6.84

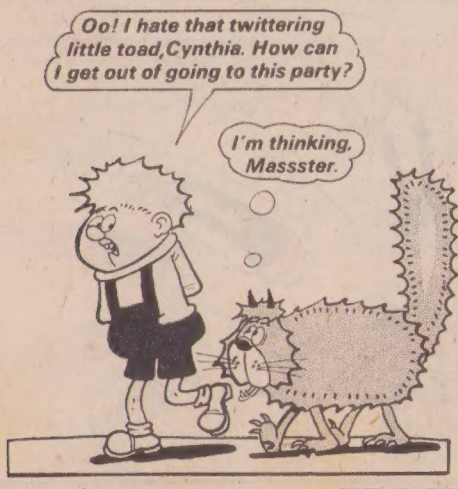

THIS WEEK—
EDDIE the GENT
Every time General Blight asks us to do a bit of crookery, we get it wrong—and he's getting very upset!
I want you all to go off and practise bits of law-breaking, so that the next time the General needs us . . .
. . . WE'LL GET IT RIGHT!
Me, personally, I myself will have a bit of practice at pinching jewellery!
I'll drive down to Samuel Aitch's and do a smash-and-grab . . .
HEY!
URG! What a stupid twerp! Fancy practising his car stealing on MY car!
SAMUEL AITCH'S JEWEL STORE
I had to pinch another car to get here!
Now for my smash-and-grab . . .
ERK! The Phantom Purse Snatcher!
SNATCH!
Just having a practice snatch, Eddie! TA!
ZOOM!
NTY. 9.6.84


BAH! I'll go IN and steal some jewellery!
AHA!
SECONDS LATER—
What a super bit of pickpocketing! I've snatched Eddie's car keys!
AND SO—
Now for a quick getaway!
FUMBLE
Wh—where are my car keys?
WAGH! They've been pinched!
HELP! POLICE! RAISE THE ALARM!
There's only one thing to do now!
RUN LIKE THE WIND!
BUT—
YAAAH!
Okay, okay! What kind of crookery are you practising this time, Lads?
Eh? Oh, —er—nothing!
NTY. 9.6.84
WATCH MORE BOX!
We were just watching the rugby on the telly, and it put us in the mood!
ARG! Come and get me, Coppers! Take me away from this bunch of nutters!

NIP and RRIP

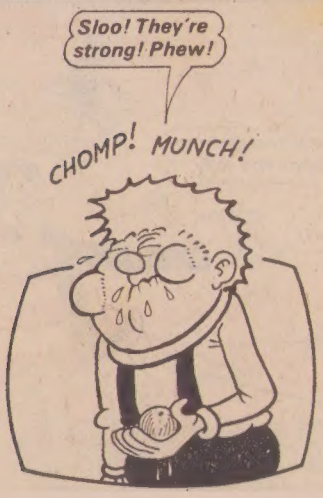

I've a lovely surprise for you, Nip.
Great! Is it tickets for the test match?

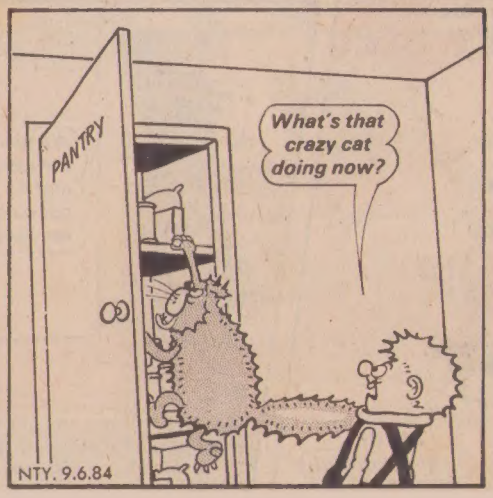
You've been invited to go to a party with that nice girl from next door, Cynthia.
Yech! She's a soppy little clown.


Oo! I hate that twittering little toad, Cynthia. How can I get out of going to this party?
I'm thinking, Massster.

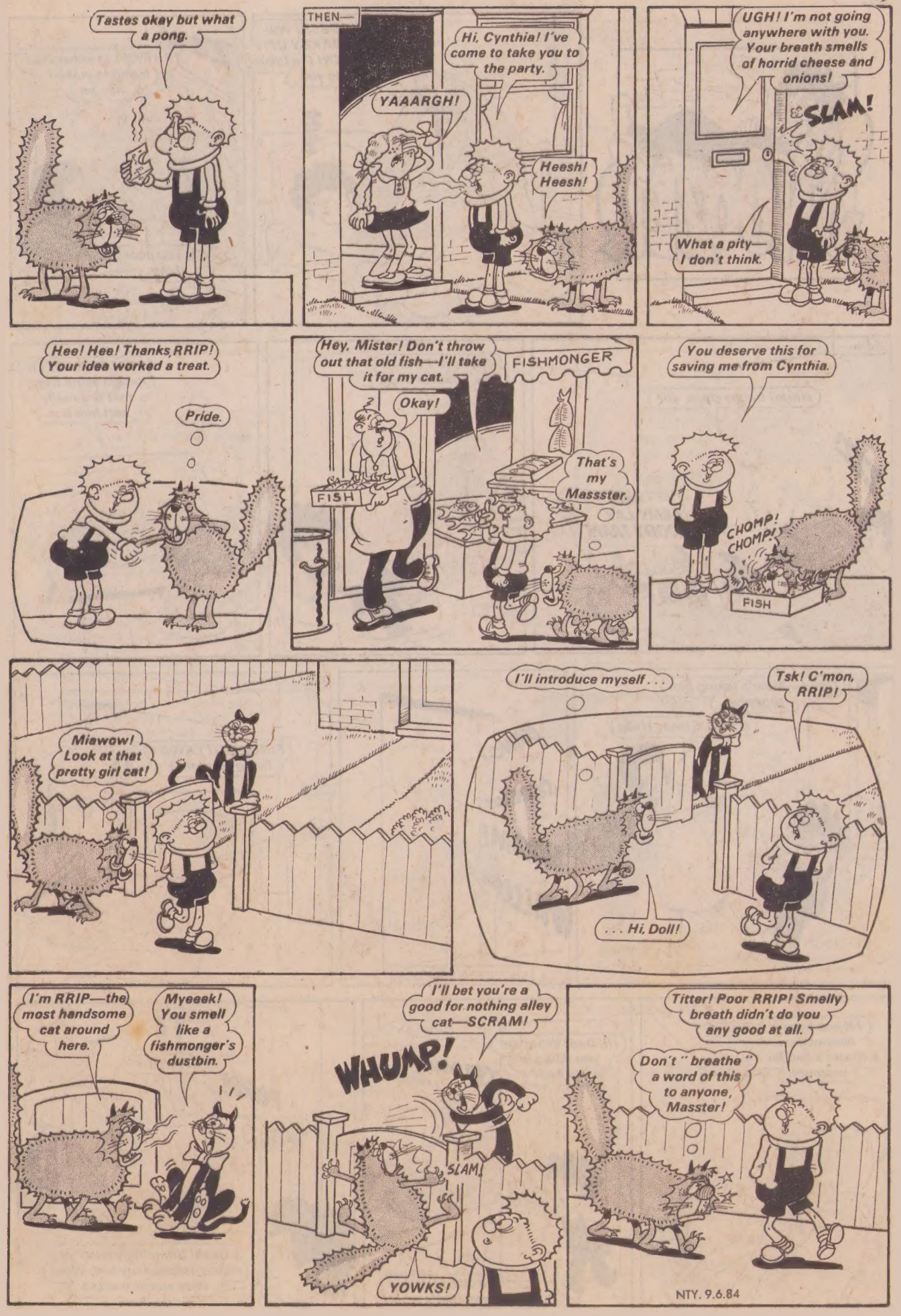
What's this? You want that jar down, RRIP?
Miaowowsss!

And I'm to eat these pickled onions?
You got it, Bosss.
PICKLES


Sloo! They're strong! Phew!
CHOMP! MUNCH!

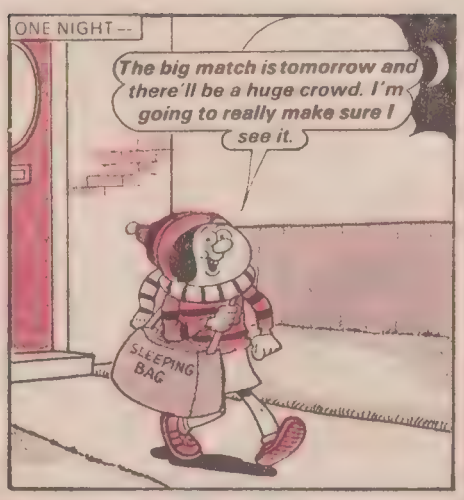

PANTRY
What's that crazy cat doing now?
NTY. 9.6.84

Catch, Kid.
PANTRY
Now a chunk of gorgonzola cheese.


Tastes okay but what a pong.
THEN—
Hi, Cynthia! I've come to take you to the party.
YAAARGH!
Heesh! Heesh!
UGH! I'm not going anywhere with you. Your breath smells of horrid cheese and onions!
SLAM!
What a pity— I don't think.
Hee! Hee! Thanks, RRIP! Your idea worked a treat.
Pride.
Hey, Mister! Don't throw out that old fish—I'll take it for my cat.
FISHMONGER
Okay!
That's my Massster.
FISH
You deserve this for saving me from Cynthia.
CHOMP! CHOMP!
FISH
Miawow! Look at that pretty girl cat!
I'll introduce myself . . .
Tsk! C'mon, RRIP!
. . . Hi, Doll!
I'm RRIP—the most handsome cat around here.
Myeeek! You smell like a fishmonger's dustbin.
I'll bet you're a good for nothing alley cat—SCRAM!
WHUMP!
SLAM!
YOWKS!
Titter! Poor RRIP! Smelly breath didn't do you any good at all.
Don't " breathe " a word of this to anyone, Massster!
NTY. 9.6.84

Zzzz
SNOOZER
SNOOZER! Will you WAKEN UP!
SNOOZER! I'm talking to you.
ZZZ
ZZZ!
PHEW! I'm exhausted trying to waken him up.
Oh, you poor thing.
SOON—
Hmm! Booby traps, eh?
ZZZ!
ARMY LAY BOOBY TRAPS
That's it! I'll lay a few Snoozer traps.
TUM-TI-TUM! I'll design some traps that will really sort him out.
Good—Mum's taking him shopping.
C'mon, Sleepy Head.
BANG!
SCREW!
WHAM!
WALLOP!
SNOOZER'S BEDROOM
PRESENTLY—
FINISHED! YAWN! Tiring work that!
I'll just have a lie-down on Snoozer's bed for a moment.
NTY. 9.6.84
Hi, Dad! What are you doing in my bed?
SPLOSH!
GLUB! Getting wet, that's what!
PARP!
AARGH!
POING!
Gosh! Somebody must've booby-trapped my bed. What idiot would want to do that?

SPORTS
FAN


ONE NIGHT --
The big match is tomorrow and there'll be a huge crowd. I'm going to really make sure I see it.
SLEEPING BAG

SOON --
Good. There's nobody else in the queue.

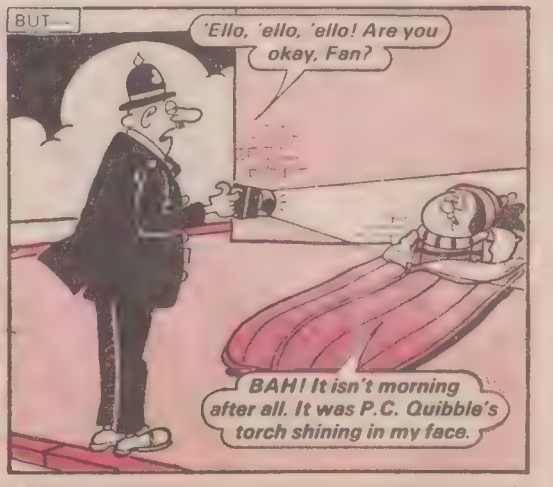
SUDDENLY--
SCREECH!
YIKES! A pesky stray cat— GERROFF, you queue jumper.

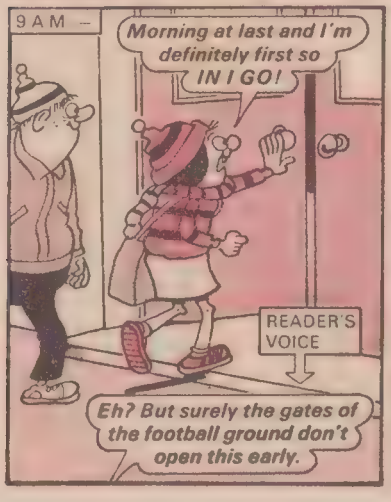
Now to get some sleep. I need all my energy for the big match.

CLINK!
CLINK!
RATTLE!
MILK
WOTTA RACKET! MILK late at night's supposed to HELP you get to sleep.

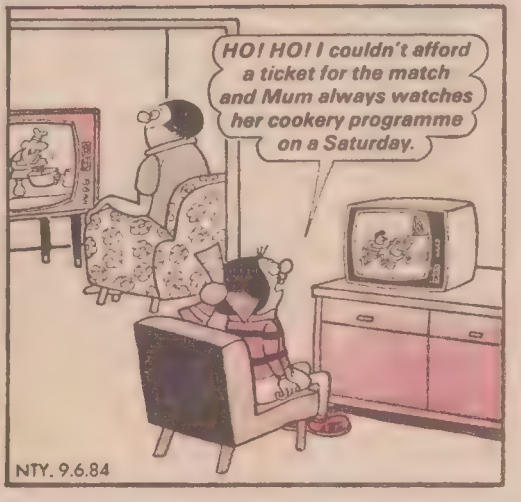
YAWN! Maybe now I'll get some peace to dream about the big game.

YIPPEE! Morning already— and lovely and sunny for the match.


BUT--
'Ello, 'ello, 'ello! Are you okay, Fan?
BAH! It isn't morning after all. It was P.C. Quibble's torch shining in my face.


9 A M --
Morning at last and I'm definitely first so IN I GO!
READER'S VOICE
Eh? But surely the gates of the football ground don't open this early.

There you are, My Dear. Our special sale bargain is all yours.
GREAT! This was well worth queueing for.
SALE
SALE
SPECIAL PRICE
SALE


HO! HO! I couldn't afford a ticket for the match and Mum always watches her cookery programme on a Saturday.
NTY. 9.6.84

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

The Heavy Mob and General Blight are in town robbing, looting and being downright naughty.

Leave it to me, Chiefy—one quick 'nana . . .

. . . and I become that incredibly handsome do-gooder and sausage knotter . . .

FANOOM!

. . . OOPS! I forgot about my costume.

It's out there on the line.

FRAZZLE ME FRIGATES! IT'S GONE!

NO LONGER THERE

I'd better get my spare one out, and FAST!

YIKES! I forgot—it's at the menders.

CRUMBS! Get an eye full of THAT, Bert.

HAR! HAR! It's Bananaman—jus' look at him.

I've a feeling they could be tittering at me.

HO! HO! HO!

YUK! YUK! YUK!

WOTTA SIGHT!

GOOD GRIEF! What are you doing going about like THAT?

I've lost my costume, Chief!

I can't have my best crime-fighter paradin' about like a snotty little urchin.

SNIFF! Chiefy has grounded me.

MEANWHILE

Three cheers for Auntie!

Hip, hip—RASP! Hip, hip—RASP! Hip, hip—RASP!

Bananaman is out of action. Nothing can stop us. To work, my fine villains.

AND SO

BANK

HEH! HEH! Wotta cinch!

It's like takin' candy from a baby.

Bag-snatching's a piece of cake today.

STOP, THIEF!

NTY. 9.6.84

We'll be worth millions or I'm a monkey's auntie.

I just don't have enough men to cope with all the villains.

Lost your costume, Mr B! How could you?

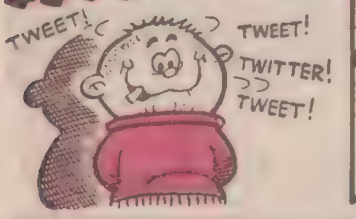
Quite easily, actually, Crow.

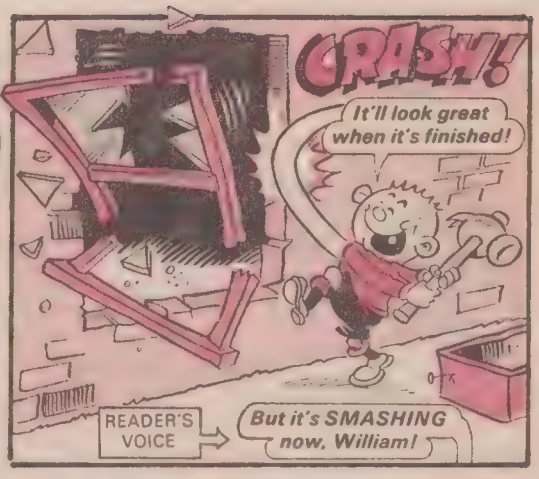
SIGH!

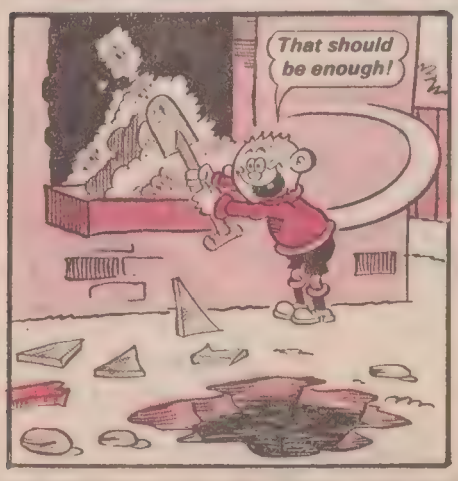
Not to worry. I've an idea—shan't be long.

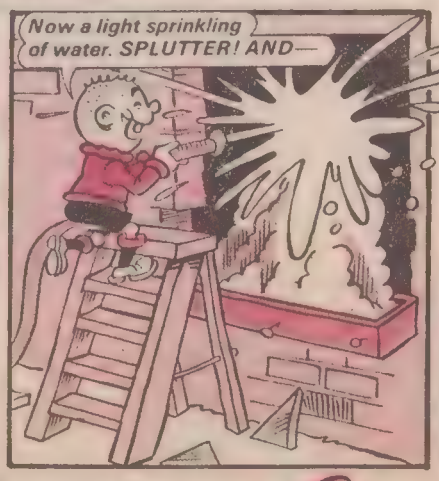
HE'LL BE SEVEN DAYS ACTUALLY 'COS THIS NERVE-JANGLING STORY IS CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

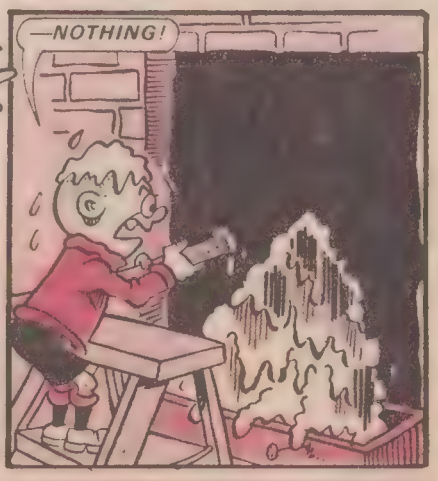
TWEET WILLIAM

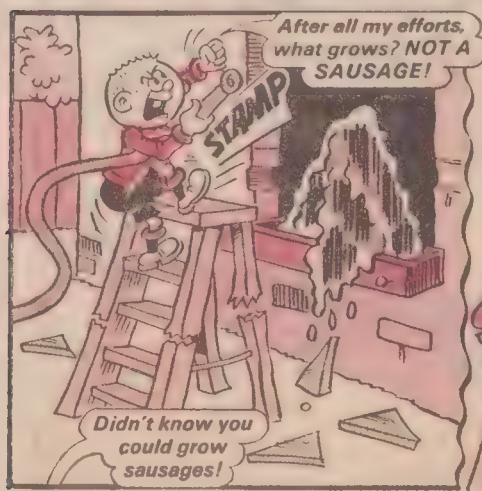


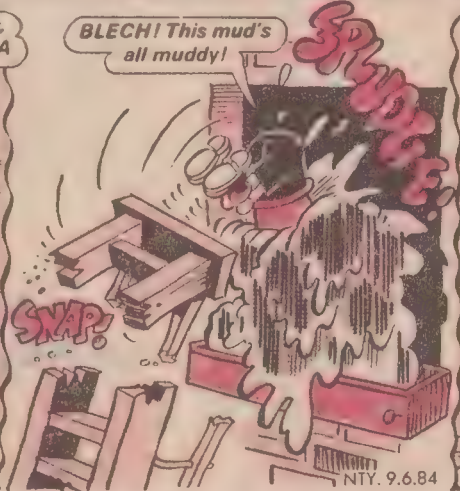


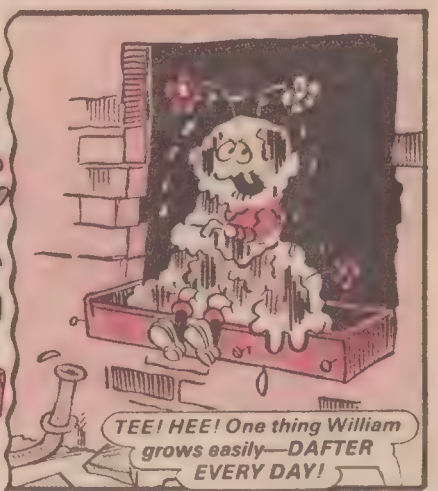












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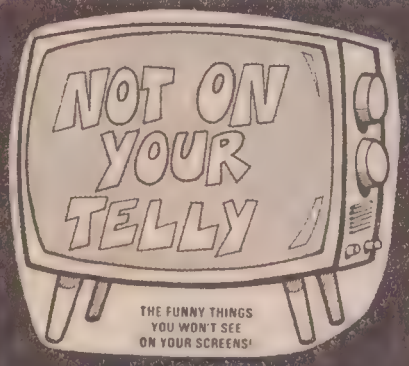
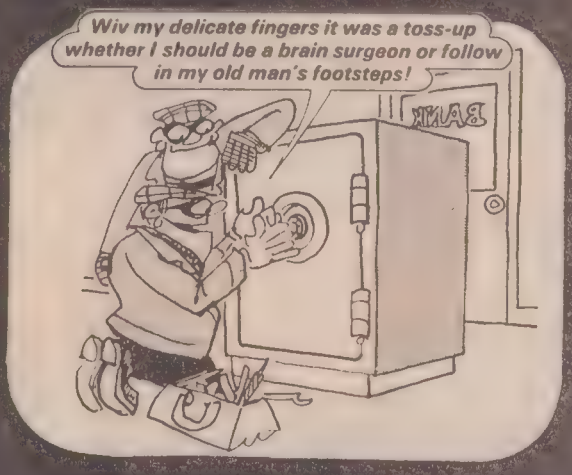
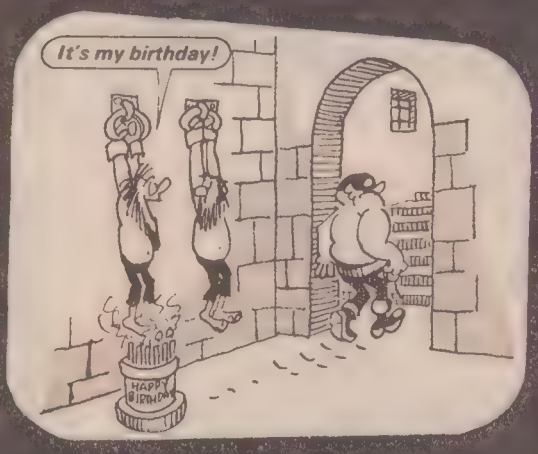
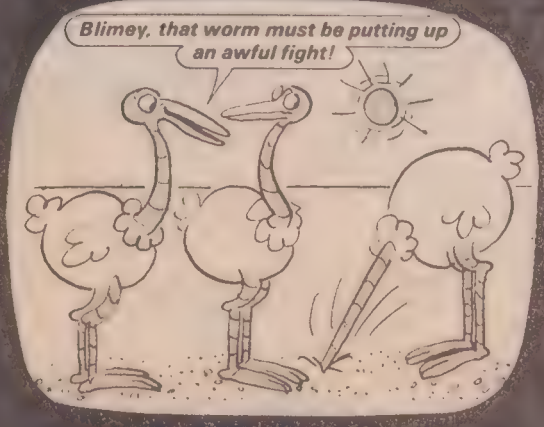






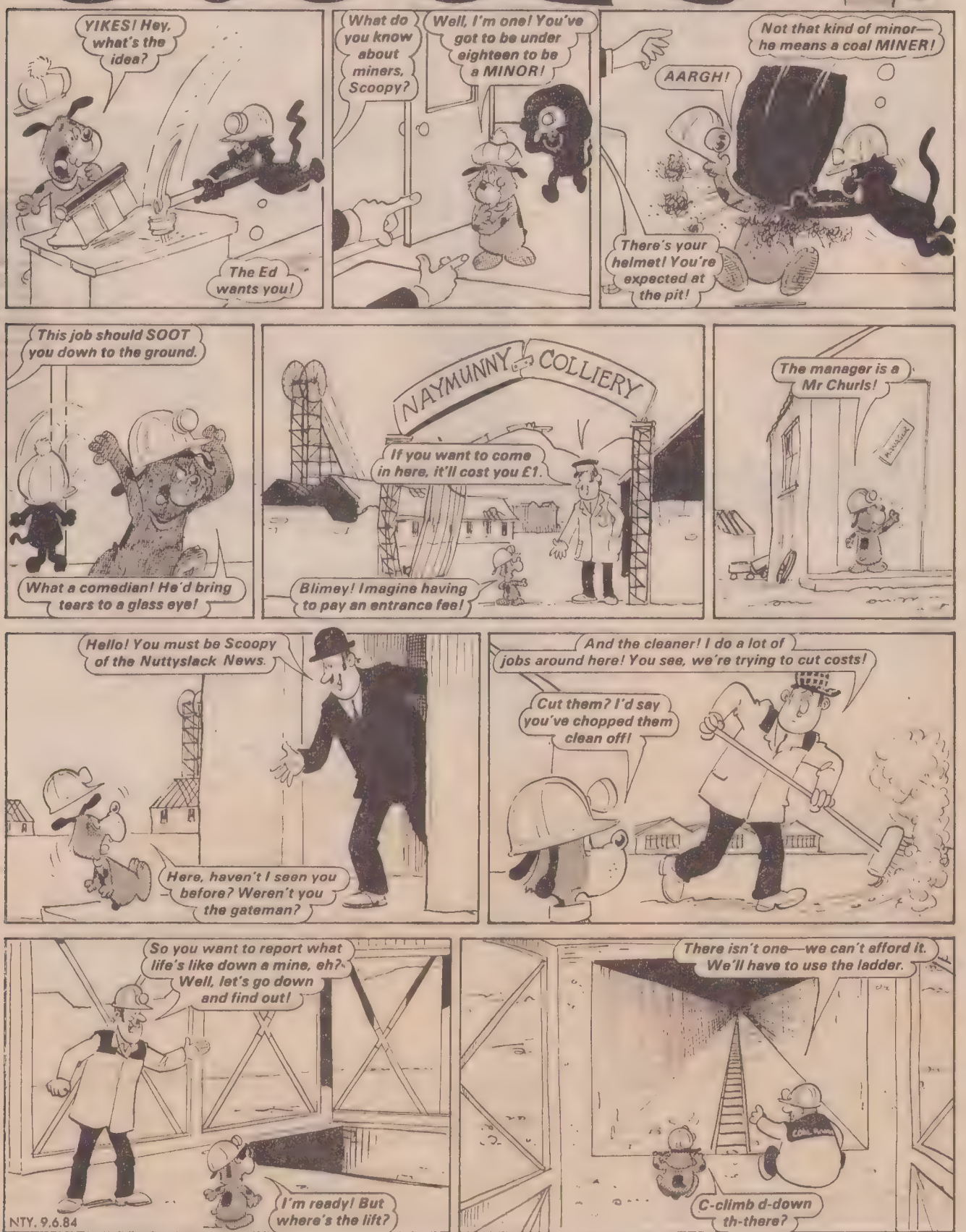


SPECIALLY FOR FUN FANS!

JOKES!
LAUGHS!
GIGGLES!
GRINS!
COMIC FEATURES * GAMES
"WHAT TO SEE BY THE SEA"
NOW ON SALE 43p

SCOOPY

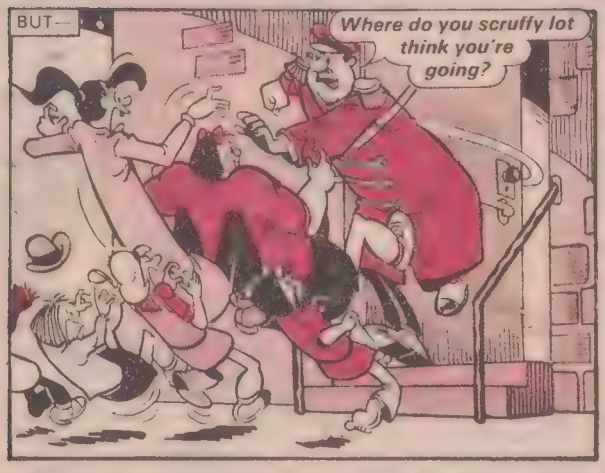
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

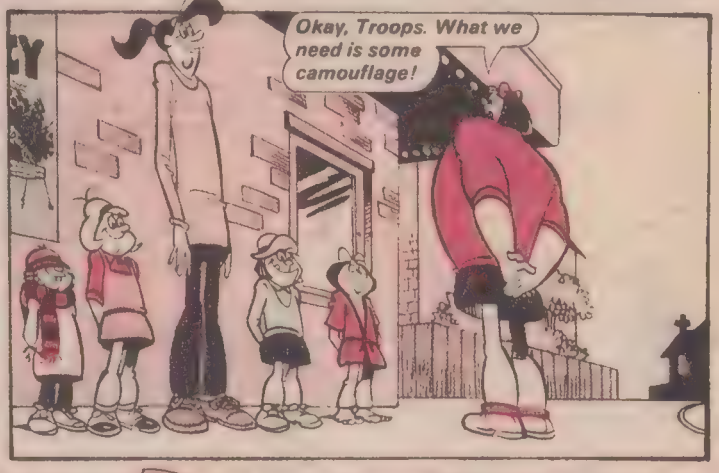

YIKES! Hey, what's the idea?
The Ed wants you!
What do you know about miners, Scoopy?
Well, I'm one! You've got to be under eighteen to be a MINOR!
Not that kind of minor—he means a coal MINER!
AARGH!
There's your helmet! You're expected at the pit!
This job should SOOT you down to the ground.
What a comedian! He'd bring tears to a glass eye!
NAYMUNNY COLLIERY
If you want to come in here, it'll cost you £1.
Blimey! Imagine having to pay an entrance fee!
The manager is a Mr Churls!
Hello! You must be Scoopy of the Nuttyslack News.
Here, haven't I seen you before? Weren't you the gateman?
And the cleaner! I do a lot of jobs around here! You see, we're trying to cut costs!
Cut them? I'd say you've chopped them clean off!
So you want to report what life's like down a mine, eh? Well, let's go down and find out!
I'm ready! But where's the lift?
There isn't one—we can't afford it. We'll have to use the ladder.
C-climb d-down th-there?
NTY. 9.6.84

Of course, there is a quicker way down.
Oh, yes? What's that?
AAGH!
HELPPPP!
YEOWCH!
I see you found the quick way down then?
Here's your pick, Scoopy! Just join the other lads and start digging.
A pick? You must be short of money! I thought every miner used automatic drills these days.
LATER—
This is a real cheapo pit this—PAGH! WHAT'S THAT?
FLAP!
FLAP!
FLAP!
FLAP!
SWOOP!
Blimey! I don't believe it! It's a blooming great bat!
Got him! Phew! These things can be dangerous!
BONK!
Hey, where's everybody going?
I told you we were short of money and you've just put our bat out of action—he flapped his wings to keep the men cool.
NTY. 9.6.84
I'll tell you what I think of this report, Readers—the PITS!

PUNCHIN' JUDY
HATTIE
KUNG SUE
THE BEAN
WILD LIL HICKOCK
GLAD'S
GLAD

STAGE DOOR
Zesty Twitch, the pop star, is appearing here today. I wonder if we could get into his dressing room.


BUT—
Where do you scruffy lot think you're going?


Okay, Troops. What we need is some camouflage!

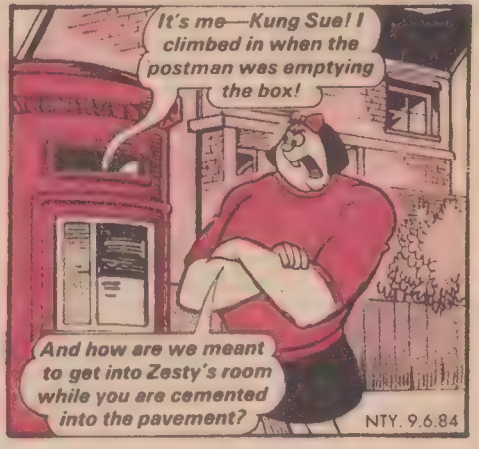
Go and find the best disguises you can think of.

SOON
Er—Hello, Bean. What's wrong? Got dandruff?
No, I'm disguised as a standard lamp!

THEN
YEEK!
WHOOO!

How about this for a disguise, Glad? Really getting into the SPIRIT of things, eh?
TWIT! We're trying to get NEAR Zesty, not scare him away!

THEN—
Hey, Glad!
That post-box spoke!


It's me—Kung Sue! I climbed in when the postman was emptying the box!
And how are we meant to get into Zesty's room while you are cemented into the pavement?
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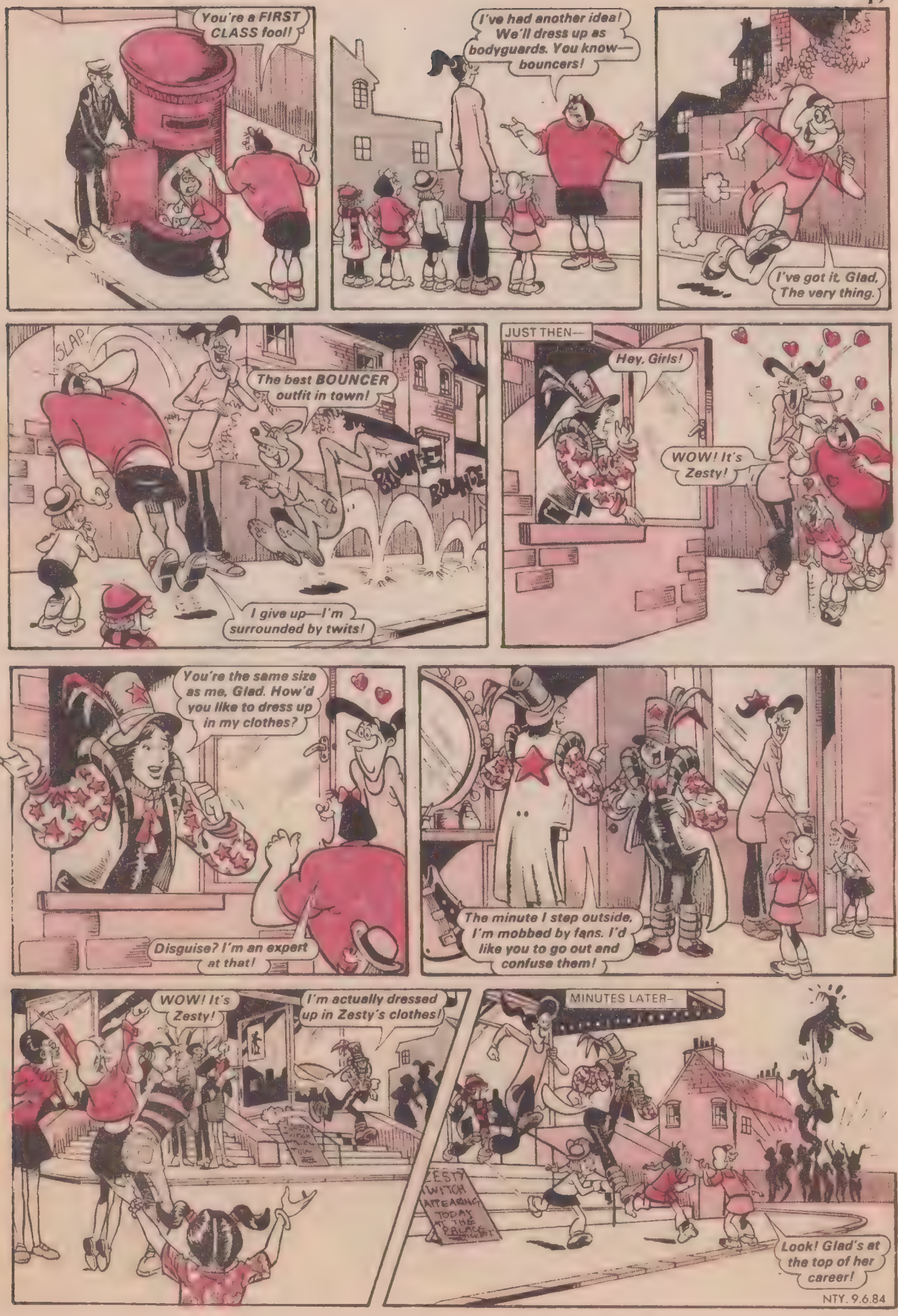

You're a FIRST CLASS fool!
I've had another idea! We'll dress up as bodyguards. You know—bouncers!
I've got it, Glad. The very thing.
SLAP!
The best BOUNCER outfit in town!
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
I give up—I'm surrounded by twits!
JUST THEN—
Hey, Girls!
WOW! It's Zesty!
You're the same size as me, Glad. How'd you like to dress up in my clothes?
Disguise? I'm an expert at that!
The minute I step outside, I'm mobbed by fans. I'd like you to go out and confuse them!
WOW! It's Zesty!
I'm actually dressed up in Zesty's clothes!
MINUTES LATER—
ZESTY WITCH APPEARING TODAY AT THE PALACE
Look! Glad's at the top of her career!
NTY. 9.6.84

THE WILD

HUNK MAGNUS PEEK SINGH SONGH PATCH LADY

Peace, perfect peace!
Oh, what a gay day!
HA! SURPRISE! SURPRISE!
YIKES! IT'S BASIL!
RUN FOR IT!
They're escaping!
'Bye, Basil!
It's not fair! They're too fast for me!
Fast! That's it! I'll get myself some transport. That way, they can't outrun me!
YAHOO! Here I come, the roller-skating rascal-catcher!
GOT ONE!
'Ere, what will I do, Patch?
Do what skiers do—go in and out of the poles!
Will this fence do the trick?
You're not supposed to do that!
Looks good to me!
BANG!
CRUNCH!
In and out, Basil—not through them!
Come back here, you mutts!
You'll have to get your skates on to catch us, Basil!
Ho! Ho!
NTY. 9.6.84

ROVERS

DOGSBODY
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
HAGGIS
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

I've got better transport now—my trusty bike!

You'll not outrun me on my Tour de Bradford special, Hunk!

I don't need to, Basil!

Where did he go?

Here, how come you're upside down?

I'm not—YOU ARE!

AAARGH!

On your bike, Basil! You'll never catch us!

KERUNCH

This hang-glider's the answer! I'm going to launch an air-attack!

Oh-oh! It's Basil again!

Quick! Down Skinny Lane!

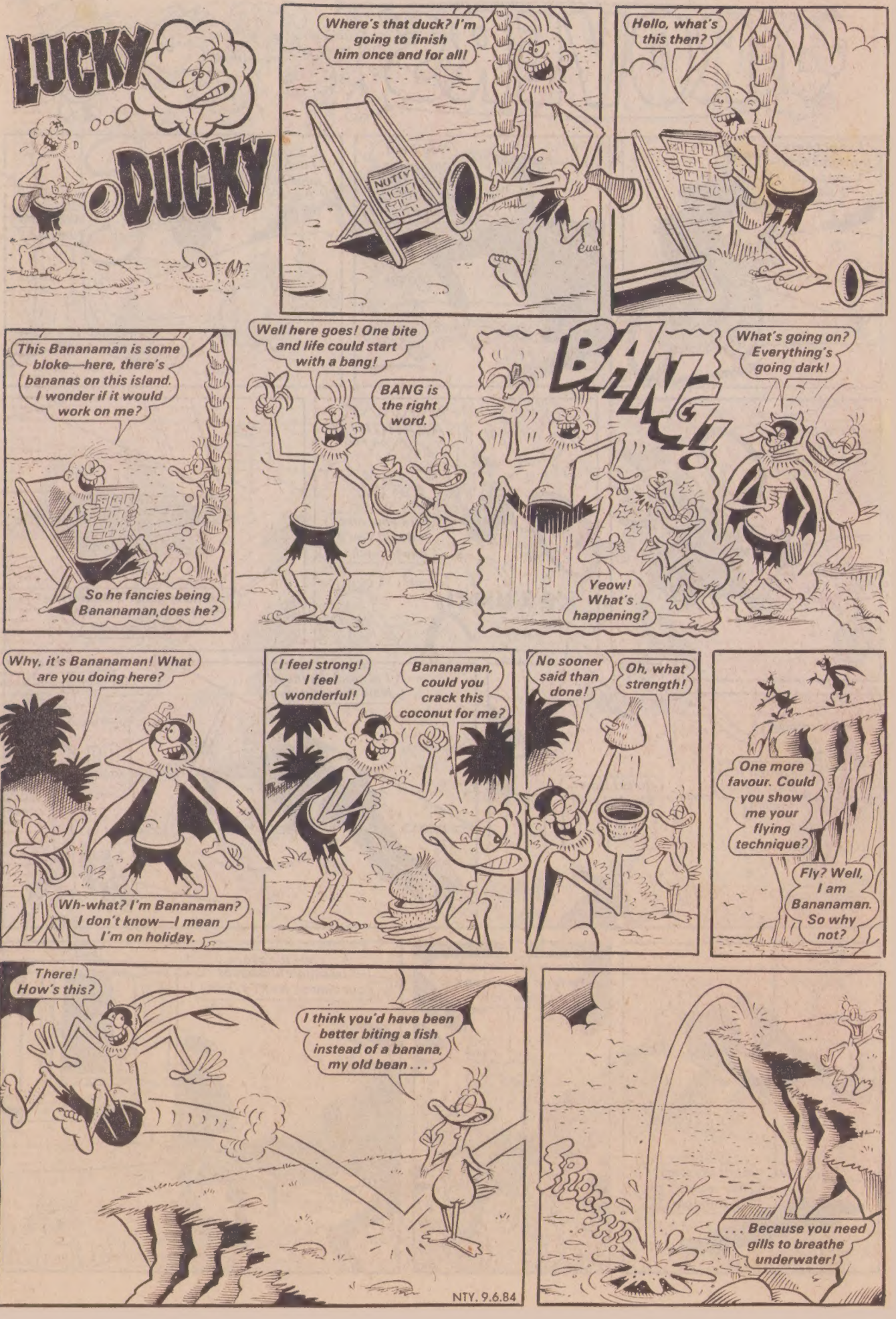
I'm catching them! Now for a fast dive!

ULP! My wings! They couldn't get through!

NTY. 9.6.84

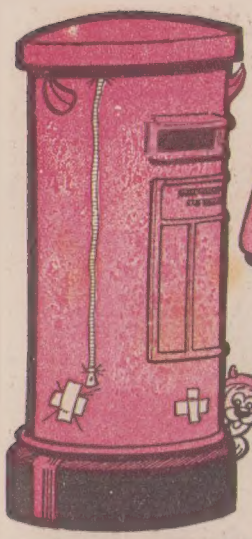
We've got the perfect form of transport for Basil now . . .

. . . and it's gonna transport him out of our way till NEXT WEEK!


LUCKY DUCKY
Where's that duck? I'm going to finish him once and for all!
NUTTY
Hello, what's this then?
This Bananaman is some bloke—here, there's bananas on this island. I wonder if it would work on me?
So he fancies being Bananaman, does he?
Well here goes! One bite and life could start with a bang!
BANG is the right word.
BANG!
Yeow! What's happening?
What's going on? Everything's going dark!
Why, it's Bananaman! What are you doing here?
Wh-what? I'm Bananaman? I don't know—I mean I'm on holiday.
I feel strong! I feel wonderful!
Bananaman, could you crack this coconut for me?
No sooner said than done!
Oh, what strength!
One more favour. Could you show me your flying technique?
Fly? Well, I am Bananaman. So why not?
There! How's this?
I think you'd have been better biting a fish instead of a banana, my old bean . . .
NTY. 9.6.84
. . . Because you need gills to breathe underwater!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

ODE TO BANANAMAN

He's tough, he's strong, he's always around—
There are always crooks waiting to be found!
Danger is nothing to this super guy,
Away he goes, zooming through the sky.
Yes, you've guessed it, I'm a fan
Of the one and only Bananaman.

STEVEN HOSIE,
LARGS.

TALL STORY

Why do giraffes have long necks?

Because they have smelly feet!

STEPHEN LEWIS,
MANCHESTER.

YEUCH!

"Waiter, why do you have your thumb on my steak?"

"Well, sir, I don't want to drop it on the floor again, do I?"

EDWARD HARDIN,
CLWYD.

BANANAMAN

DANIEL SMITH,
THORNTON HEATH.

WHAT A NANNY!

"Doctor! Doctor! I feel like a goat."

"How long have you been like this?"

"Ever since I was a kid!"

KATIE LAWSON,
EPSOM.

HEAVY STUFF

How did the elephant get down from the tree?

He stood on a leaf and waited for autumn.

DEBORAH HORNER,
SOLIHULL.

HORSE PLAY

"Doctor! Doctor! My brother thinks he's a racehorse."

"Hmm! Treatment would be expensive!"

"That's okay, he's just won the Grand National."

SARAH LATIMER,
BLACKPOOL.

COVER UP

What is the best thing to wear with purple, yellow and green spotted socks?

Knee-high boots.

GEORGE MUIR,
GLASGOW.

SPEED FREAK

What's the fastest thing in the water?

A MOTOR PIKE.

KERRY ANN WISE,
LONDON.

FAST FOOD

What's yellow and white and moves at one hundred miles an hour?

A train driver's egg sandwich.

ALISTAIR DENT,
WHYTELEAFE.

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

NTY. 9.6.84

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

CUDDLES

'AT'S ME!

Come on, Cuddles—we're going for a walk.

Good! Me's bored.

I'm walking, YOU'RE riding—less trouble that way.

Me wanna walk! Me's a big boy now!

Doo-doo-be doo!

If me's gotta sit in this stoopid machine, me's gonna make it more exciting!

THEN—

Tch! I forgot to put salt on my chips.

CHIPPIES

Me's not got salt . . .

. . . but me's got plenty baby powder. You can have some of 'at!

Let's clear out of here quick!

WHEEEEEE! This is more like it!

ROAR!

Phew! Lost him at last! Puff!

Aw, Dad's slowed down again.

Me'll play wif the pram rattles and speed him up.

S-T-R-E-T-C-H!

BONK!

BULLSEYE!

PROING!

Ooo! You cheeky thingies!

Whimper! He's got the law after us now.

Groan! That policeman is still chasing us and I'm exhausted!

Oo-er!

Me wanted to walk but me didn't want to take Dad for one!

Baggie! 'At's a boy! Take Daddy home!

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